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THE
LORD's LAMENTATION;

OR, THE
WHITTINGTON DEFEAT.

—*Immensas surgens ferit aurea Clamor
Sydera;*—
Sævit atrox Volscens.—

VIRG. ÆN.



L O N D O N :

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THE
LORD's LAMENTATION;
OR, THE
WHITTINGTON DEFEAT.

I.

GOD prosper long our noble King !
Our Lives and Safeties all ;
A woeful *Horse-Race* late there did
At *Whittington* befall. *Whitfield*

II.

Great *B——d's* Duke, a mighty Prince !
A solemn Vow did make ;
His Pleasure in fair *Staffordshire*,
Three Summer's Days to take.

III.

At once to grace his Father's Race,
And to confound his Foes :
But ah ! (with Grief my Muse does speak,)
A luckless Time he chose.

For

IV.

For some rude Clowns, who long had felt
 The Weight of *Tax* and *Levy*,
 Explain'd their Case unto his G——ce,
 By Arguments full heavy.

V.

“ No *G—w'r*, they cry'd ! no Tool of Power !
 At that the E---l turn'd pale :—
 “ No *G—w'r*, no *G—w'r*, no Tool of Power !
 Re-echo'd from each Dale.

VI.

Then *B—d's* mighty Breast took fire,
 Who thus enrag'd, did cry,
 “ To Horse, my *Lords*, my *Knights*, and 'Squires ;
 “ We'll be reveng'd, or die.

VII.

They mounted straight, all Men of Birth,
 Captains of Land and Sea ;
 No Prince or Potentate on Earth,
 Had such a Troop as he.

VIII.

Great Lords and Lordships close conjoin'd,
 A shining Squadron stood :
 But to their Cost, the *Yeoman Host*,
 Did prove the better Blood.

IX.

“ A *G-w'r*, a *G-w'r* ! ye Sons of Whore,
 “ Vile Spawn of *Babylon* !
 This said, his *G—ce* did mend his Pace,
 And came full fiercely on.

X.

Three Times he smote a sturdy Foe ;
 Who, undismay'd, reply'd,
 “ Or be thou *Devil*, or be thou *D—ke*,
 “ Thy Courage shall be try'd.

XI.

The Charge began ; but on one Side
 Some Slackness there was found ;
 The smart Cockade in Dust was laid,
 And trampled on the Ground.

XII.

Some felt sore Thwacks upon their Backs,
 Some, Pains within their Bowels ;
 All who did joke the *R—l Oak*,
 Were well rubb'd with its Towels.

XIII.

Then Terror seiz'd the plumed Troop,
 Who turn'd themselves to Flight ;
 Foul Rout and Fear brought up the Rear :
 Oh ! 'twas a piteous Sight !

Each

XIV.

Each Warrior urg'd his nimble Steed ;
 But none durst look behind ;
 Th' insulting Foe, they well did know,
 Had got 'em in the Wind.

XV.

Who ne'er lost Scent, until they came
 Unto the Gallow-Tree :
 " Now said their Foes, we'll not oppose
 " Your certain Destiny.

XVI.

" No farther Help of our's ye lack,
 " Grant Mercy, with your Doom !
 " Trust to the Care o'th' three-legg'd Mare ;
 " She'll bring ye *All* safe home.

XVII.

Then wheel'd about, with this old Shout,
 " Confusion to the *R——p* !
 Leaving each Knight, to mourn his Plight,
 Beneath the triple Stump.——

XVIII.

Now Heav'n preserve such Hearts as these
 From secret Treachery !
 Who hate a *Knave*, and scorn a *Slave*,
 May such be ever *Free* !

F I N I S.

